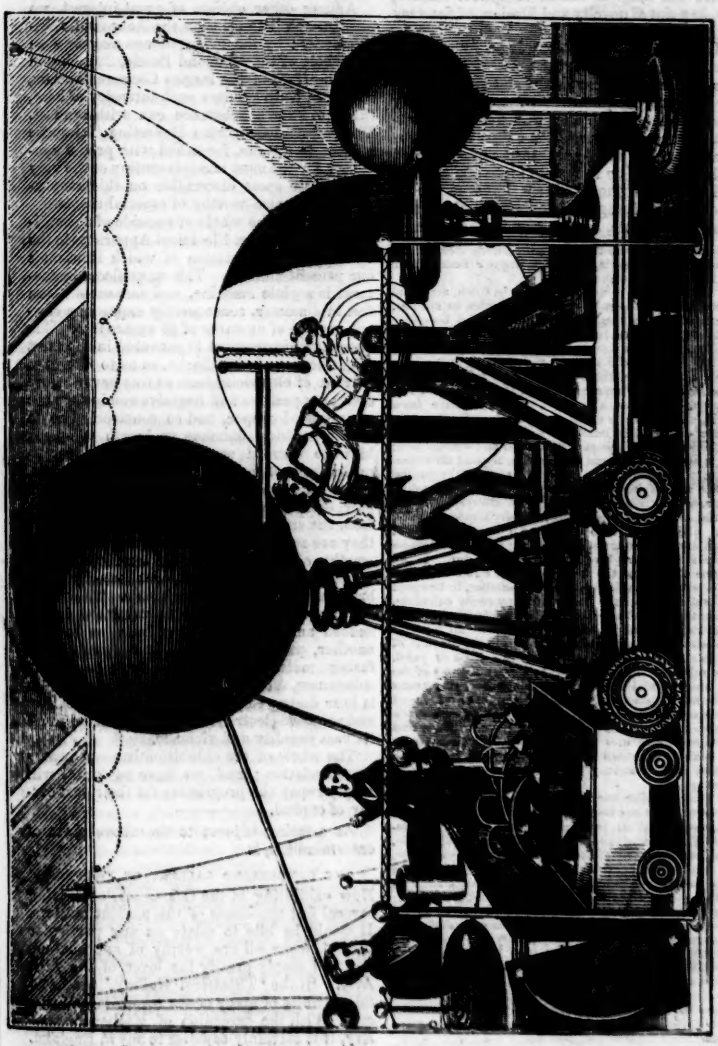
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 958. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1839. PRICE 2*d*.



THE COLOSSAL ELECTRICAL APPARATUS,

AT THE GALLERY OF NATURAL MAGIC, COLOSSEUM, REGENT'S PARK.

Public Exhibitions.

GALLERY OF NATURAL MAGIC.

We regret that circumstances should have prevented us from sooner calling the attention of our readers to the above truly intellectual Exhibition, at the Colosseum, Regent's Park, where the magical effects of optical science, are, in point of novelty and illusion, of the very highest order.

In the Microscope Room, is an Achromatic Solar Microscope, covering a disc of 256 square feet. Here the animalculæ and larvæ of water beetles, gnats, and other insects, are daily shown:* the magnifying powers of this instrument vary, according to the object under examination, from twenty thousand seven hundred and thirty-six, up to four millions six hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred times. The waters of stagnant pools, with their singular inhabitants, are shown in the greatest perfection, hunting their prey, and enjoying their ephemeral existence. To these wonders of creation in particular, all parents ought to take their children, to impress on their youthful minds the wonderful works of their beneficent Creator: every specimen exhibited being a perfect sermon, filling the mind with profound awe, admiration, and wonder.

Among other objects of great interest, we must not omit to mention the Achromatic Instruments: by the means of one may be seen the whole of the Diamond Beetle, 28 inches in length.—Two of the largest Concave Mirrors, so placed as to produce such intensity of heat, that no known substance can withstand it. The powerful Gregorian Reflecting Telescope pointed to the sun, furnished with proper eye-pieces, for the most minute scrutiny of the very remarkable spots discernible on this stupendous orb, is also worthy of especial notice.

Occupying the whole of one side of the anti-room, is the largest Electrical Apparatus in the world—a representation of which illustrates our present number. This magnificent instrument is a plate machine, and measures seven feet in diameter, consequently exposes an electric surface of upwards of 80 square feet. This unequalled instrument is mounted in the most scientific manner by Clarke, so as to obtain a current of electricity such as was never before seen; its positive and negative conductors are of varnished copper, and so constructed as to give a striking distance or length of spark, hitherto deemed unattainable. The terminating balls of the conductors are strongly gilt, in order to prevent dissipation. Its single pair of rubbers deserves especial attention, from the superior and simple manner by which they are supported. The enormous battery is worthy of much notice; the terrific effects of which, when fully charged, are shown by many brilliant and striking experiments. The effects of this wonderful agent is exhibited in its sudden and violent transfer from one body to another, producing intense heat, igniting and fusing metals, setting fire to inflammable substances, &c., &c. The electric equilibrium is here destroyed by friction, and the positive and negative electricity called into action in all its vast rapidity and violence.

The whole of the exhibition has our hearty commendation; and, we have no doubt, will amply repay the proprietors for their vast outlay of capital.

As a fitting adjunct to the above place of entertainment, is

THE CUMBERLAND GALLERY OF PICTURES,

Now exhibiting at the Colosseum, containing several fine specimens of the ancient masters. It would be idle to dilate on any particular subject, when all are worthy of approbation, and will amply gratify the lover of the Fine Arts. In the 'Theatrical Gallery,' are faithful portraits of many of our favourite performers. With the exception of Mathews's Gallery, it is certainly superior to any in England.

* In an article in the *Foreign Monthly Review*, entitled, "The Infusoria, as perfect Organic Beings," are the following remarks:—

"In the purest waters, as well as in thick, acid, and saline fluids of the most different climates, in springs, rivers, lakes, and seas, often in the internal humidity of living plants and animals, even in great numbers in the living human body, nay, probably, periodically carried about in the aqueous vapours and dust of the whole atmosphere, there is a world of minute, living, organised beings, imperceptible to the ordinary senses of man, which, for about seventy years, have been distinguished by the name of Infusoria. In the daily course of life, this immense mysterious kingdom of diminutive living beings is unnoticed and disregarded; but it appears great and astonishing, beyond all expectation, to the retired observer, who views it by the aid of the magnifying glass. In every drop of standing water, be very frequently, though not always, discovers, by the aid of the microscope, rapidly-moving bodies, from 1-96 to less than 1-9000 of a line in diameter, which are often so crowded together that the intervals between them are less than their diameter. If we assume the size of the drop to be one cubic line, and the intervals, though they are often smaller, to be equal to the diameter of the bodies, we may easily calculate, without exaggeration, that such a drop is inhabited by from one hundred thousand, to one thousand millions of such animalcula. If we reflect on the amount of life in a larger quantity of water, in a ditch or pond, if we calculate that, according to many observers of the sea, and especially of its phosphorescence, vast tracts of the ocean periodically exhibit a similar development of masses of microscopic organised bodies, even if we assume much greater intervals, we have numbers and relations of creatures living on the earth, invisible to the naked eye, which make these minute Infusoria a subject highly worthy of meditation and scientific investigation.

"Since the discovery of this wonderful world of microscopic life, it has been represented by fanciful writers as a world of spirits, peopled by forms not to be compared with those of the visible world, sometimes horrible, sometimes strangely distorted, neither properly animate, nor yet properly inanimate. Some have represented them as the wanton sport of the creative energy of Nature (lusus Naturæ); and, even in 1820, an otherwise respectable writer described in detail the magic powers with which some of these forms were said to be endowed. It is not, however, merely the singularity and minuteness of their form that have excited the greatest interest, but the wonderful physiological properties ascribed to the Infusoria by different observers that have attracted the attention of all the friends of science, and of the most learned and profound inquirers, from Leibnitz and Boerhave down to the present times."

Biography.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

(*Continued from page* 12.)

In a preceding part of this memoir we have mentioned some of the productions of Chaucer while a young man, and also some of those pieces that he wrote in compliment to the Duke of Lancaster, and his Duchess Blanch: we shall here take the opportunity of giving an account of those pieces that were written by him during the period of his greatest prosperity. *The Complaint of Mary Magdalen, taken from Origen*, which was translated about the time of his coming to court, is supposed to have been written to oblige some pious lady of those times. *The Complaint of the Black Knight*, which was wrote in honour of John of Gaunt's courtship of the Lady Blanch, is as elegant and harmonious a poem as any of Chaucer's composure; it is supposed to have been written upon his first admission to the intimacy of that prince, who is represented under the character of the Black Knight: it appears from the two last stanzas to have been addressed to Lady Blanch. *The House of Fame*, is an admirable performance, both in regard to the construction of the fable, and the ease and happiness of its execution: from this poem Pope borrowed the model of his *Temple of Fame*. *The Assembly of Fowls*, was written while he was at court, and during the life of Queen Philippa; as well as his tale of the *Cuckow and Nightengale*, in which, as before observed, the scene is laid in Woodstock-park. He likewise wrote a number of elegies, poems, or ballads, in honour of Margaret Countess of Pembroke, and other ladies of the court. The poem of *Troilus and Creseide*, digested into five books, and which is the longest in Chaucer's works, was written in the former part of his life, and translated, according to his own account, from Lollius, an historiographer of Urbino, in Italy. He, however, did not content himself with making a close translation of his author, but, on the contrary, added a great deal of his own, as well as extracts from others, more especially from the writings of his friend Petrarch: the discourse on predestination, which he has inserted in the fourth book, is entirely his own; from which, as well as from the remarks on the same subject, inserted in the *Nun's Priest's Tale*, the learned Sir Henry Saville supposes that he was no stranger to Archbishop Bradwardine's learned work, *de Causa Dei*, published at that period. Sir Francis Kynaston, who translated this poem into Latin rhymes, remarks, in his manuscript notes, that probably Chaucer, when he wrote the lives of Troilus and Creseide, intended to represent some private persons in the court of Edward III.; and that he had no idea of following Homer, Dares, Dictys, or any historian of those times; but, continues Sir Francis, Chaucer, having taken the liberty of his own inventions, hath produced an admirable and inimitable epic poem, describing, in Troilus, a complete knight in arms and courtship, and a faithful and constant lover; and in Creseide a most beautiful and coy lady, who, being once overcome, yields to the frailty of her sex: the sixth book, or testament of Creseide, was not wrote by Chaucer; but is the production of a Mr. Henderson.

About this period, Chaucer found himself obliged to abandon this kind of composition, and turn his thoughts to graver subjects; for his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, having espoused the cause of Wickliffe, whom the clergy considered as a heretic, Chaucer turned the edge of his satire against lazy monks, ignorant priests, and the insolence of those who belonged to the ecclesiastical courts; yet it does not appear that he was an enemy of the church of Rome, for he speaks very submissively of her doctrines, and bestows high encomiums upon such of the clergy as acted suitably to their calling; by which it appears, that it was only those who brought religion into contempt, that felt the severity of his muse, and not priests in general, or the Christian faith; for the former he highly revered, and the latter he firmly believed, which may be plainly seen on a perusal of his writings; for the true design of Chaucer was not to expose or abuse the clergy from any dislike to their order, but, if possible, to amend and reform them; and, with this view, he wrote many pieces, besides translating a number of others, in which is plainly shown how much religion suffered by the irregularities in their behaviour. Among these is the *Romant of the Rose*, translated from the French. This poem was commenced by William de Lorris, and continued by John de Meung, commonly called Cloppinel, two famous poets of their time. It appears to have been translated by Chaucer while he was at court, and about the time of the rise of Wickliffe's opinions: it consists of violent invectives against the religious orders; but it is imperfect at the end, besides having several hiatus in other places. William de Lorris, the original author, after having advanced some way in this work, died at the age of twenty-six, in 1260; but, about forty years afterwards, it was finished and published by John de Meung, when he was twenty-four years of age. He is said to have been a man of sense and learning, and well versed in divinity, philosophy, chemistry, astronomy and other sciences: he is supposed to have died about 1365. It is also affirmed by Leland and other ancient writers, that Chaucer was the author of the *Ploughman's Tale*, a poem which treats with great severity the vices of the clergy, both secular and regulars; and it is generally supposed that he likewise wrote the satire, under the character of Jack Upland; yet there are many who, out of respect to Chaucer's memory, are desirous of imputing these pieces to others; but this would be of little avail, as we find the same sentiments in several of his other works. On the other hand, the

venerable John Fox thinks, in this respect, that the labour of Chaucer is worthy of the highest commendation, and that even the preservation of his works may be attributed to a particular providence. The following is his opinion in regard to these productions:—"I marvel to consider how that the bishops, condemning and abolishing all manner of English books and treatises, which might bring the people to any light of knowledge, did yet authorise the works of Chaucer, to remain still, and to be occupied; and, no doubt, saw in religion as much almost as ever we do now, and uttereth in his works no less; and seemeth to be a right Wicklevian, or else there was never any; and, that all his works almost, if they be thoroughly advised, will testify; albeit it be done in mirth and covertly; and especially, the latter end of his third book of the *Testament of Love*; for there purely he toucheth the highest matter, that is, the communion; wherein, except a man be altogether blind, he may espy him at the full. Although in the same book, as in all the other he useth to do, under shadows, covertly, as under vizard, he suborneth truth in such sort, as both privily she may profit the godly-minded, and yet not be espied of the crafty adversary; and therefore, the bishops belike, taking his works for jests and toys, in condemning other books, yet permitted his books to be read. So it pleased God then, to blind the eyes of them for the more commodity of the people, to the intent that, through the reading of his treatises, some fruit might redound thereof to his church, as no doubt it did to many. As also I am partly informed of certain who knew the parties who to them reported that by reading Chaucer's works, they were brought to the true knowledge of religion; and not unlike to be true; for, to omit the other parts of his volume, whereof some are more fabulous than other, what tale can be more plainly told, than the tale of the *Ploughman*." But, although Wickliff's doctrines might prevail among the better sort of people, and Chaucer's writings please the educated part of society, they were far from making a general impression on the minds of the inhabitants of London, where the meaner sort of citizens were warmly attached to the church. When the Duke of Lancaster attended Wickliffe, who was summoned before the Bishop of London, and the duke having treated the prelate rather roughly, the citizens made a kind of insurrection, and marching down the Strand in a body, attacked the Duke of Lancaster's palace called the Savoy, which he had built a short time before, and which was, at that time, esteemed one of the noblest houses in Europe. Having forced an entrance, they destroyed his goods, abused his servants, and turned his arms upside down, as if he had been a traitor; but, by the interposition of the king, and some of the principal nobility, this quarrel was compromised, and the duke and the citizens apparently reconciled. In the last year of the reign of Edward III., the French having infringed the truce which that monarch had concluded with them, he sent over commissioners, one of whom was Chaucer, to expostulate on the subject before the Pope's legates. This negociation was not very successful, having only produced some mention of a marriage between Richard, Prince of Wales, and the Lady Mary, daughter of the King of France; but, at the same time, it paved the way for a new treaty, in which Sir Guiscard Dangle, Knight of the Garter; Sir Richard Sturrey, a great Wicklivist, in high favour with the king; together with Geoffrey Chaucer, Esquire, were commissioners. This appears to have been the last public employment that Chaucer held, although from the gold chain which appears about his neck in the original portrait of him, it has been conjectured that he was honoured with some dignity, of which there is no record remaining; for it can hardly be supposed that he wore this ornament on account of his office in the Customs.

On the twenty-first of June, 1377, the young Prince of Wales, then eleven years of age, having succeeded his grandfather, by the title of Richard II., his uncle, the Duke of Lancaster, was entrusted with the chief part of the administration; and, wishing to ingratiate himself with the populace, he resolved to solemnize the coronation of the new monarch with great pomp and magnificence; previous to which, there was established a court of claims, to settle the demands of those who might claim to have a right to assist upon this occasion, and among these we find the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, whose claim was in right of his ward, who was possessed of the manor of Bilsington, in Kent; which was held of the crown, by the service of presenting to the king three maple cups, on the day of his coronation. This manor had been purchased by his ward's father, Sir Edmond Staplegate, of Richard Fitzallen, Earl of Arundel, in the possession of whose family it had been a long period. Chaucer in his petition set forth, that the manor was held by grand serjeantry, by the owner's discharging the office of chief butler at the coronation; but Richard, Earl of Arundel, controverted this claim; and, by his petition and plea set forth, that the office of chief butler belonged to his family, his ancestors having enjoyed it, both before they held that manor, and since they had parted with it; and therefore, he demanded it as his proper right. Chaucer's petition was dismissed, the earl having so far carried his point before John, Duke of Lancaster, who acted as lord high steward, as to be allowed to officiate for that time, with a proviso, that it should not infringe the right of Sir Edmond Staplegate, or any who should pretend title for the future. This ward of Chaucer's died about thirteen years after, but the manor continued

in the family until the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., when it passed into that of the Cheyneys, who, in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, sold it to Sir Francis Barham, of London, whose grandson, Mr. Robert Barham, was in possession of it at the coronation of Charles II., when Mr. Erasmus Smith, on behalf of the said Mr. Barham, assisted at the coronation, and presented the three maple cups. This manor has since passed into other families.

69

HEAT AND COLD.

When the sun is much above the horizon, heat accumulates in the atmosphere; and if the night be short, but little of it is lost; so that even within the Arctic Circle, the heat is sometimes oppressive in summer. The angle at which the sun's rays strike the ground, has a great influence on the quantity of heat produced; for if their direction be very oblique, many of them will be absorbed by the dense lower stratum of the air. The side of a hill will meet the rays of the sun at a greater angle than a plain, and will, therefore, be more heated; but on the other side of the hill, the rays will slant very much; and the temperature will, in consequence, be very low. This explains the difference of height at which vegetation is sometimes found, on the opposite sides of the same hill.

The sun warms the air by first heating the earth. The effect of the sea is to equalize temperature; so that a nautical country is not liable to such extremes of heat and cold as an inland one. Winds, by passing over the sea, are brought to an equable temperature. The surface of the sea cannot become so much heated as the land; for it gives the rays of the sun a freer passage. A country is warmer if it has a tract of land to the south, and the sea to the north; and colder if the positions of land and sea be reversed. Mountains afford protection from the wind; and in summer, when their sides strongly reflect the sun's rays, this protection has an injurious effect. Siberia is a great "inclined plane," exposed to the north; and high mountains prevent the hot winds of tropical Asia from blowing on it. Europe is indebted for its mild climate to its situation and form. To the east it has part of the old world; and it is heated by great currents of hot air coming from Africa. Had the Mediterranean Sea not intervened between it and Africa, the effect of this hot air would have been greater. Then it does not reach so far towards the North Pole as Asia and America. On the contrary, it has more sea free from ice towards the north, than any other land in the Arctic Circle. The cutting down of woods lessens evaporation, and allows the rays of the sun to reach the earth; so that the latter is rendered warmer; and no doubt many parts of Europe have a better climate now, than they had in the time of the Romans. Many parts of America have been improved in this way; but the cutting down of forests may be carried too far. Solar radiation is said to increase from the equator towards the poles; and likewise the radiation from the surface of the earth. Daniell's "Meteorological Essays" treat very well on this subject.

The average heat of a country is called its mean temperature. To ascertain the mean temperature at any place for a day, add the greatest heat observed there to the greatest cold; and divide by two. The temperature reaches only a certain way on each side of the mean; and when it reaches that limit, a reaction may be expected. Within the tropics the heat is prevented from accumulating by the trade-winds. In this country, and in Europe generally, the mean temperature of the latter end of April, is the mean of the whole year. The temperature increases till about the twenty-first of July; at which time it is hottest. It then diminishes till October; and then gets colder till about the end of January; when it is coldest.

In very elevated regions of the atmosphere, only a few lichens can exist; and no animals. Animals could not sustain the cold of winter, if they were not provided with an internal source of heat. When the cold sets in, myriads of them die, and others become torpid. The influence of heat is seen in the increase of the number and the magnitude of animals. But man is able to live in almost all temperatures; for he is known to exist between 73° north latitude, and 55° south latitude; and from many thousand feet above the level of the sea, to three hundred feet below it. It is probable, however, that a heat below the freezing-point, if long-continued, has a pernicious effect. The cold often produces an inclination to sleep, which it is very difficult to resist; and if it be yielded to, the body becomes stiff and dead. Dreadful sufferings were endured by the French, in their retreat from Moscow. Bodies frozen, but containing some life still, have a horrible appearance. They are of a pale colour; are cold as marble; and have the limbs contracted. It is said that those who are frozen while on horseback, still remain sitting; with the bridle and their firearms very firmly clenched. In Spitzbergen, human bodies have been preserved in the ice for a hundred years; and, it is said, even longer. Wood, and other substances, may be preserved in the same way. Captain Scoresby found a wooden coffin, which had contained the body of an Englishman for thirty years; and which appeared quite new. During the expedition under the captain just mentioned, a sailor put his finger into the mouth of a spirit-bottle, instead of the cork; and, in consequence of the great cold produced by the evaporation of the spirits of wine, he lost a part of his finger from mortification. Bottles of beer wrapped in tow, and placed near the fire, froze; and casks buried several feet in the ground

became solid; and some of them burst. Ice lined the walls of their habitations to within a yard of the fire; the bed-clothes were covered with hoar-frost; and the chimney was lined with ice to the stove's mouth. The Hudson's Bay Company suspended in their rooms red-hot twenty-four-pound-shots; and kept up immense fires; but if the latter went down, ice soon covered everything. In Melville Island, which appears to have once been tropical, Captain Parry observed the thermometer sink to fifty-five degrees below zero; which is the lowest temperature that has been observed on the globe. Fish sometimes freeze on being taken out of the net; but if thawed cautiously, they recover animation. Isaac Walton says, that some bream were put into a pond, which froze into a solid mass; but they were restored to life in the spring. In Lapland, the milk becomes frozen in autumn; and it is quite good when thawed in winter. The eggs of hens and of silk-worms may be hatched after having been frozen. Some authors relate that a frozen mass, being thrown on the fire, was converted into a cloud of mosquitoes. Torpid snails may be thawed by water; and animalcules may be thawed after a torpidity of twenty-seven years.

In our climate, if the temperature rise above 80°, the heat is felt to be oppressive; but it is quite possible to sustain, for a short time, a much higher temperature. Sir Charles Blagden, with another gentleman, remained for eleven minutes in a room, the temperature of which was raised to 260°;—nearly 50° above the heat of boiling water. Water placed in a vessel on the table boiled violently; from the mere heat of the atmosphere; and they could not bear to touch the metal buttons on their clothes, owing to their great power of conducting heat. The reason the air did not scald them, as water would have done, was its less power of conducting heat; and they were preserved from injury by the cooling effects of profuse perspiration. It has been said that bakers can enter ovens heated to 270°; and remain there for ten minutes; and two philosophers bore, for five minutes, a temperature of 290°. If the person be kept long in such situations, however, death ensues. In these cases, the temperature of the body is very little raised; and the breath expired feels cold;—being not much above 100°. It is kept cool by the perspiration from the lungs and from the skin; and by the non-conducting power of the body. An accumulation of heat is equally destructive with its too great abstraction. In the black-hole at Calcutta, death appears to have been caused (partly, at any rate) by the hot air becoming saturated with moisture, and thus preventing perspiration; so as to keep the body at a high temperature.

In America, at 40° north latitude, the mean temperature is 9° lower than in the same latitude in Europe; and at 70° north latitude, it is 33° lower. In the northern hemisphere, the western coasts are milder than the eastern; because the prevailing winds there are western; and these winds, after blowing over the sea, are warm; but in passing over the icy land, they become cold.

N. R.

THE HAMMER.

The principle of the permanence of the force of communicated motion, so far as any cause within the moving body itself is concerned—that is of its absolute permanence, except in so far as it is counteracted by some external and opposite force—whilst it lies at the very foundation of all just views of the theory, is sufficiently shewn, by many examples, to be a most important element in the practice of mechanics. What is it, in fact, but this which constitutes the giant force of impact, and makes the hammer a weapon more powerful than any other—irresistible—in moulding and submitting the various objects around him to the uses and purposes of man! There is no machine comparable to the hammer. The force of heat, indeed, insinuates itself between the pores and interstices of bodies, and operating there, separately, upon their particles, breaks them up in detail—but the hammer encounters the accumulated force of their cohesion, and overcomes it. The hardest rocks and the most unyielding metals submit to it. If man reigns over inanimate matter, shapes out the face of the earth to his use or to his humour, and puts the impress of his skill and his labour upon the whole face of nature; it is chiefly with the aid which this mighty force of impact gives him. It is this that clears away for him the trees of the forest—that shapes for him the materials of his dwelling—that beats out for him the instruments of tillage—that digs and hoes up the earth—that, after having cut for him his corn, threshes it, and crushes it into flour—that tames for him his cattle, shapes and binds together his waggons and carts, and makes his roads; in short, there is no use of society for which this force of impact does not labour, and their is no operation of it which does not manifest this tendency of communicated force of motion to permanence. Were there no tendency to permanence in the force of motion which his hammer acquires in its descent, its power on the substance which the artificer seeks to shape out would only be the same as though he were to lay it gently down upon it; its impact would be no greater force than the pressure of its weight. So far is this, however, from being the case, that, as it is well known to the workman, a slight blow from the lightest hammer is sufficient to abrade a surface, which the direct pressure of a ton weight would not make to yield. There is no force in nature comparable to that of impact. —*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY BOOKS.

RENNIE'S INSECT ARCHITECTURE.

THE extraordinary carelessness which Mr. Rennie displayed in his *Alphabet of Insects*, *Alphabet of Zoology*, *Alphabet of Botany*, and others of his later publications, have led some writers to condemn all his works, without exception; but this sweeping condemnation is most unmerited, for there are few works on entomology, written in a style so charming, impartial, and philosophic, as Rennie's *Insect Architecture*, *Insect Transformations*, and *Insect Miscellanies*. Since they were published (nine years ago) the study of insects has become more general, and this is no doubt attributable in a great measure to a taste for the pursuit having been imbibed from the perusal of these popular volumes. Nothing from the press would be greeted so warmly by us as a new and carefully revised edition of them, and it would give us pleasure to find that our notes had been serviceable in the undertaking. We write to point out errors, and to add new examples of particular facts, so as to furnish a useful supplement to those who possess the volumes; but we shall adopt such a plan as will not render it absolutely necessary for our readers to possess them to enable them to comprehend our notes. To proceed :—

Mason-bee (Anthrophora retusa). "On the north-east wall of Greenwich Park, facing the road, and about four feet from the ground, we discovered, December 10, 1828, the nest of a mason-bee, formed in the perpendicular line of cement between two bricks. Externally there was an irregular cake of dry mud, precisely as if a handful of wet road-stuff had been taken from a cart-rut and thrown against the wall; though upon closer inspection, the cake contained more small stones than usually occur in the mud of the adjacent cart-ruts." (p. 33.)

This species of bee is also said to build a mud-hive against the side of a tree or bank; but a writer in the *Entomological Magazine* says, he has known many instances of there being "no external building whatever, the bees entering the face of the bank by perfectly round smooth holes. Another kind of bee *(Melecta)* was [in one instance, at Birch Wood] continually arriving with the *Anthrophoræ*, and entering their holes; it appeared to be on a perfectly friendly footing with the rest of the community. It is the economy of this bee to lay its eggs in the nest of the mason bees; the grubs, on hatching, devour the food provided by the mason-bees for their own young, which, thus deprived of their support, shrivel up and die." (vol. iii. p. 313.) Mr. G. R. Waterhouse says, he has observed the female *Cœlioxys conica* enter the nests of the *Megachile circumcincta*, from which he infers the former to be parasitic upon the latter, and, perhaps, upon *Megachile Willoughbiella*. "The nests of Megachile circumcincta," he says, "are generally placed about six inches in the ground, and in a light soil, and consist of three or four cylindrical cells joined end to end. The perfect insect, when hatched, eats its way through the side of the cell near the top. I have reared many specimens of both sexes. The eggs are laid in June, and the insect has undergone all its transformations by the month of September, and remains in a torpid state until the following June. I set many specimens at liberty (by opening their cells) in the winter; the room being warm, they crawled about pretty briskly, but were not able to fly. I have reared many specimens of bees of the families *Apidæ* and *Andrenidæ*, and invariably found that they had undergone all their transformations by the autumn." *(Entomological Magazine*, iii., 498.)

Sir A. Halliday, in his *History of the West Indies*, speaking of a species of mason-bee which erects several circular houses, usually placed in the form of a cross, says, "One took up her position within a foot of the sofa on which I was accustomed to lounge during the extreme heat of the day. I therefore could watch all her motions without any trouble. Her house was completely built in about three hours; the diameter of the foundation-circle was 6-8ths of an inch; the height when completed, 5-8ths, and the door or chimney projecting scarcely 1-8th. I could not decide whether more than one bee was occupied in the construction, because they are so much alike: but there never have two appeared at the same time. When the building was finished, it was left for the remainder of the day to consolidate, and it soon became quite dry and hard. Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, I found the labourer of the preceding day arrive, bringing a long slender green caterpillar. She approached the open door or chimney, but did not rest on it, for while hovering on the wing she continued to push the head of the caterpillar into the hole, and then gradually, and by piece-meal, to force in the whole body. As soon as this was fairly out of sight, she took her departure, and in five minutes returned with another victim. I counted seven of these caterpillars pushed into the same building. The eighth time she returned without a caterpillar, but with a load of clay, with which in an instant she closed up the open door, and immediately began to lay a new foundation. This she finished before noon, and left it to dry for the rest of the day. Next morning, I saw her bringing the caterpillars, but did not remain to count them. I allowed the process to go on for four days, when with a sharp table-knife I removed the first nest from the wainscoat, and found the eggs hatched, and the caterpillars, in whose bodies they had been deposited, nearly all destroyed by the young grubs. In the second, the eggs had not burst, and, in the third, the cell was quite crammed with the still fresh bodies of the green caterpillars. I found in the huts that had not been

disturbed, the wall broken on one side or other, and that when taken down they were quite empty. Here, then, we find the insect first preparing a prison for the caterpillars, in whose bodies she deposits her eggs for the purpose of being heated, and which bodies also supply the young with food, until able to destroy the wall of the building, and find nourishment elsewhere."

The same writer also says, that a hive of small, short-bodied bees, "very like the meadow, or fog-bees of England," "made a lodgment in the north wall of the dining-room, about six inches from the window sill. They entered by a small opening which was covered by the window-shutter, when it was fastened back by the iron hook that secured it; and when the shutter was firmly hooked back, it completely obstructed their entrance. It was not often, however, that the servants were at the trouble of fixing the hook, but as it was done occasionally, the bees must have found it an annoyance, and, with the view of providing against it, they had surrounded the hole in the wall by a ball of clay, of the size of a hen's egg, which, though it does not prevent the shutter from being hooked back, keeps it at a sufficient distance from the wall, to permit the bees to pass easily behind it. I can discern no other reason for their having placed this ball of clay over their entrance, unless it is to prevent the rain being driven into the hole when it is not protected by the shutter. In either case, we have here a wonderful example of the power of instinct. I twice removed the ball of clay, but always found it restored. The hive did not seem to be numerous. I seldom saw more than three or four at a time, about the entrance. I do not think they had any sting, for when I destroyed their clay guard, they were irritated, but did not attempt to sting or molest me."

Cells formed by some species of Bee in an Elder-branch.—"That bees of similar habits, if not the same species as the violet-bee (*Xylocopa violacea*) are indigenous to this country, is proved by Grew, who mentions in his *Rarities of Gresham College*, having found a series of cells in the middle of the pith of an old elder branch, wherein they were placed lengthwise, one after another, with a thin boundary between each. As he does not, however, tell us that he was acquainted with the insect which constructed these, it might as probably be allied to the *Ceratina Albilabris*, of which Spinola has given so interesting an account in the *Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle*." (x. 236, p. 51.)

The species whose cells Grew found, may have been the rare *Ceratina cærulea* which has been taken on the viper's bugloss (*Echium vulgare*) near Birch Wood. (See *Ent. Mag.* iii 310.) Mr. Edward Doubleday says, that having, in November, 1835, cut off a branch of elder, which projected from a hedge at Epping, he "noticed that the pith of it was removed; and on examining it, he found that some insect had evidently entered at the top of the branch, which had apparently been broken off some time previous. The pith she must have removed, for the whole length, about eighteen inches, was *divided into little cells*, in each of which was an oval cocoon of a brown colour, containing a whitish larva. From the many fragments of legs, wings, &c., of *diptera* in the cells, these larvæ evidently belonged to some one of the fossorial *Hymenoptera*. I think that Reaumer mentions a similar nidus in a dead branch of oak." (*Ent. Mag.* iii 413.)

It is a pity that Mr. Doubleday did not rear the larvæ so that the species might have been ascertained.

Hornet's nest.—"The hornet does not build under ground, but in the cavities of trees, or in the thatch, or under the eaves of barns." (p. 79.)

In the *Magazine of Natural History*, (viii. 628,) Mr. J. Rowe states, as an exception to the above assertion, his having seen, in July, 1834, a hornet's nest in a bank of sand and heath. "This nest," he says, "was in a recent state, there being only four or five hornets, and but few cells; the greater number of the latter occupied by grubs."

J. H. F.

CONJUGAL HARMONY.

A MAN in Germany advertised that he had an organ that would play any tune out of an enumerated set at the command of any one of the audience; this made a great noise at the time, and puzzled all the conjurors and philosophers of the place. The organ was placed on a table with its back against the wall, the company were invited to examine it, then ask for a tune, which was immediately played, and if any one desired it to stop it was instantly silent! This went on for a long time, and the ingenious inventor was making a rapid fortune, and the secret would have been buried with him, had he not behaved most inharmoniously towards his loving wife one day, just before the performance was about to commence. The room was crowded, as usual, and a tune was called for, but not a note was heard; the owner became uneasy, and said, in a soothing coaxing tone, "do blay, my coot organs;" still not a sound was heard: he got out of patience, and threatened to smash the instrument to pieces, when a hoarse female voice was heard to growl out—"Ay, do, you tyvel, preak de organs, as you broke my head dis morning." This was too much for the cholerick German; he took a chair, and gave the instrument such a whack, that it drove it through a paper partition in the wall, carrying with it another organ, which had been placed close at the back of the sham one, at which sat the obstinate grinder—his wife!—*New York Mirror.*

BIRTH-PLACE OF DRYDEN,

ALDWINKLE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the most eminent of our poets, was born August 9, 1631, at the parsonage-house of Aldwinkle (All Saints,) a parish in the hundred of Huxloe, county of Northampton. The church is remarkable for its beautiful tower; it has some windows in the decorated English style, and a small ornamented chapel.

Dryden was the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, a third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, bart. of Canons Ashby, in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family came from the county of Huntingdon. The subject of this memoir is reported to have inherited from his father, who acted as a justice of the peace during the Protectorate, an estate of two hundred pounds a-year. He received the early part of his education in the country, and was then removed to Westminster School, where he was instructed as one of the king's scholars, by Dr. Busby, whence he was elected to a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. His father dying in 1654, he took possession of his estate, subject, however, to considerable deductions for the widow and younger children. Of his school performances, only has appeared a poem on the death of Lord Hastings. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a candidate for public fame, by publishing *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector*. When Charles II. was restored, he changed his opinions, and published *Astræa Redux*, which was quickly followed by *a Panegyric on the Coronation*. In 1661, he produced his first play, *The Duke of Guise*; and, in the next year, *The Wild Gallant*. In 1664, he published the *Rival Ladies*; and, in 1667, the *Annus Mirabilis* appeared; and in the year 1668, he was appointed poet laureate and historiographer, in the room of Sir W. Davenant.

He soon afterwards published his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, which he had written in 1665, in his retirement during the plague: previously to this public calamity, he had married Lady Elizabeth Howard. He now became professionally a writer for the stage. In the year 1679, he joined Lord Mulgrave, in an *Essay on Satire*; and in 1681, he composed his famous political poem, entitled *Absalom and Architophel*; which was followed by his *Medal, a Satyre on Sedition*. He next attacked Shadwell in his *Mac Flecnoe*. Soon afterward appeared his *Religio Laici*. On the death of Charles II. he composed his *Threnodia Augustalis, a funeral poem*; and, on the accession of James II., he conformed to the religion of the new sovereign, which compliance gained him an addition to his pension of 100*l*. per annum. He next published two volumes of Miscellany *Poems*; and many other minor poetical works. In 1694, he commenced his celebrated translation of Virgil; and in 1697, it was sent to press. Having been solicited to write a second ode for St. Cecilia's day, he produced the admirable *Alexander's Feast*. The *Fables* was the last of his great works, for he soon afterwards declined in health; and an inflammation in one of his toes, terminating in a mortification, put an end to his life, at his house in Gerrard-street, Soho, on the 1st of May, 1701.

The body of this eminent poet was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to that of Chaucer.

The Public Journals.

Foreign Monthly Review. Nutt, and Delau and Co.

[This is, in every meaning of the word, a truly valuable journal: the matter being highly important, collected with industry and judgment. Amidst such a plenitude of intellectual endearments, it is difficult to cull the sweetest flower; we therefore must satisfy ourselves with a quotation or two from an admirable article—"Foreign Views of Ireland, by Gustave de Beaumont;" who, in the commencement of his work, gives the following frightful

Picture of Ireland.]

"Misery, naked and famishing, that misery which is vagrant, idle, and mendicant, covers the entire country: it shews itself everywhere, and at every hour of the day; it is the first thing you see when you land on the Irish coast, and from that moment it ceases not to be present to your view; sometimes under the aspect of the diseased displaying his sores, sometimes under the form of the pauper scarcely covered by his rags; it follows you everywhere, and besieges you incessantly; you hear its groans and cries in the distance; and if the voice does not excite profound pity, it importunes and terrifies you. This misery seems inherent to the soil, and one of its natural products; like some of those endemic scourges that pollute the atmosphere, it blights everything that approaches it, smites the rich man himself, who cannot, in the midst of his joys, separate himself from the miseries of the poor, and makes vain efforts to rid himself of the vermin which he has produced, and which cling to him.

"The physical aspect of the country produces impressions not less saddening. Whilst the feudal castle, after seven centuries, shews itself more rich and brilliant than at its birth, you see here and there wretched habitations mouldering into ruin, destined never to rise again. The number of ruins encountered in travelling through Ireland is perfectly astounding. I speak not of the picturesque ruins produced by the lapse of ages, whose hoary antiquity adorns a country—such ruins still belong to rich Ireland, and are preserved with care as memorials of pride and monuments of antiquity—but I mean the premature ruins produced by misfortune, the wretched cabins abandoned by the miserable tenants, witnessing only to obscure misery, and generally exciting little interest or attention.

"But I do not know which is the more sad to see—the abandoned dwelling, or that actually inhabited by the poor Irishman. Imagine four walls of dried mud, which the rain as it falls easily restores to its primitive condition; having for its roof a little straw or some sods, for its chimney a hole cut in the roof, or very frequently the door, through which alone the smoke finds an issue. One single apartment contains the father, mother, children, and, sometimes, a grandfather or grandmother; there is no furniture in this wretched hovel; a single bed of hay or straw serves for the entire family. Five or six half-naked children may be seen crouched near a miserable fire, whose ashes cover a few potatoes, the sole nourishment of the family. In the midst of all lies a dirty pig, the only thriving inhabitant of the place, for he lives in filth. The presence of the pig in an Irigh hovel may at first seem an indication of misery; on the contrary, it is a sign of comparative comfort. Indigence is still more extreme in the hovel where no pig is to be found."

"All being poor, the only food they use is the cheapest in the country—potatoes; but all do not consume the same quantity: some, and they are the privileged class, eat potatoes three times a day; others, less fortunate, twice; those in a state of indigence only once; there are some still more destiture, who remain one or even two days without receiving the slightest nourishment. . . . . .

"It is necessary to renounce all the notions which in other countries serve to distinguish comfort from poverty, in order to comprehend Irish misery. We are accustomed to call those paupers, who are out of work and driven to beggary. There is not an Irish peasant that abstains from beggary who is not in want of such a resource. It is impossible to compare the Irish pauper with the pauper of any other country. The independent labourer cannot even be compared with the pauper of England. There is no doubt that the most miserable of English paupers is better fed and clothed than the most prosperous of Irish labourers."

Heads of the People. No. IX. Tyas.

[Mankind know but little of the real history of man; and, unfortunately, authors do not seem much inclined to enlighten them.

Of the means by which so many millions of people are daily fed, clothed, and find employment in England alone, we are, comparatively speaking, in complete ignorance: we feel assured they are sustained, but by what means the miracle is achieved, we neither know, nor seemingly care to know. That such a multitude of persons arise every morning, even in the metropolis, without any probable means of providing "for the day that flies over their head," must, to an inquiring mind, be painfully astounding. All that we are certain of respecting them, is, that they *do* live, and some to a lengthened period of existence; but as to their facilities, their haunts, their manners, their customs, we have no authentic data on which we can come to a wholesome conclusion.

If there be one book more than another that the public are in need of, it is *a correct History* of the mighty Babel—*London!* for we have not one worthy of such a title, those we possess being merely descriptions of buildings, in tales ten times told. It is on this account we hail with pleasure the above popular work, giving, as

they do, *sans* of the *characters* to be found in the metropolis of England. The subjects are cleverly handled; and the personages faithfully represented. There still remains a field of invaluable treasures—real pictures of human life, for the editors to gather in, which will amply repay them for their trouble.

We shall leave that lazy being—one of the most useless bees in our hive—the wealthy, vulgar, and profligate young Lord: a character Mr. Meadows has pictorially sketched with great fidelity—and introduce our readers to one far more deserving of consideration—

The English Peasant.]

"The English Peasant is generally reckoned a very simple, monotonous animal, and most people when they have called him a clown, or a country hob, think they have described him.

* * * * * *

"But who says the English Peasant is dull and unvaried in his character? To be sure, he has not the wild wit, the voluble tongue, the reckless fondness for laughing, dancing, carousing, and shillalying of the Irish Peasant; nor the grave plodding habits and intelligence of the Scotch one. He may be said to be, in his own phraseology, "betwixt and between." He has wit enough when it is wanted; he can be merry enough when there is occasion; he is ready for a row when his blood is well up; and he will take to his book if you will give him a schoolmaster. What is he indeed but the rough block of English character? Hew him out of the quarry of ignorance, dig him out of the slough of everlasting labour, chisel him, and polish him, and he will come out whatever you please. What is the stuff that your armies have chiefly been made of but this English Peasant? How many of them have been carried off to man your fleets, and when they came to shore again were no longer the simple slouching Simons of the village, but jolly tars, with rolling gait, quid in mouth, glazed hats, with crowns of one inch high, and brims of five wide; and as much glib slang and glib money to treat the girls with as any Jack of them all?

"The English Peasant has in his nature all the elements of the English character. Give him ease, and he is readily pleased; wrong him, and who so desperate in his rage?

"In his younger days, before the care of a family weighs on him, he is a clumsy, but a very light-hearted creature. To see a number of young country fellows get into play together, always reminds one of a quantity of heavy cart-horses turned into a field on a Sunday. They gallop, and kick, and scream: there is no malice, but a dreadful jeopardy of bruises and broken ribs. Their play is truly called horse-play. It is all slaps and bangs, tripping-up, tumbles, and laughter. But, to see the young peasant in his glory, you should see him hastening to the Michaelmas fair, statute, bull-roasting, or mop. He has served his year; he has his money in his pocket, his sweetheart on his arm, or he is sure to meet her at the fair. Whether he goes again to his old place or a new one, he will have a week's holiday. Thus, on old Michaelmas day, he and all his fellows, all the country over, are let loose, and are on the way to the fair: the houses are empty of them; the highways are full of them. There they go, streaming along, lads and lasses in all their finery, and with a world of laughter and loud talk. See, here they come flocking into the market-town! And there, what preparations for them: shows, strolling theatres, stalls of all kinds bearing clothes of all kinds, knives, combs, queen-cakes, and gingerbread, and a hundred inventions to lure those hard-earned wages out of his fob. And he does not mean to be stingy to-day. He will treat his lass, and buy her a new gown into the bargain. See, how they go rolling on together! He holds up his elbow sharply by his side, she thrusts her arm through his, *up to the elbow*, and away they go, a walking miracle that they can walk together at all. As to keeping step, that is out of the question; but besides this, they wag and roll about in such a way, that keeping their arms tightly linked, it is amazing they do not pull off one or the other. But they do not. They shall see the shows, and stand all in a crowd before them with open eye, and open mouths, wondering at the beauty of the dancing women, and their gowns all over spangles, and at all the wit, and grimaces and summersets of harlequin and clown. They shall have a merry dinner, and a dance, like a dance of elephants and hippopotami, and then—

'To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.'

"And these are the men that become sullen and desperate: that bec me poachers and incendiaries. How, and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and revelling in vengeance? Hunger and hardship! When the English Peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and well clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other,—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling red-eyed monster!—How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers. How the man, who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks, a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match, to his neighbour's rick! Monster! can this be the English Peasant? 'Tis the same! 'Tis the very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame—or is there another?"

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

ROUSSEAU.

THE handwriting of great men is always a matter of curiosity, from the illegible scrawl of the Emperor Napoleon, from the thick, ungainly hand of Chalmers, and the terrifying scribble of Jeffrey, to the plain, clear, chirograph of George Washington, and the no less distinct handwriting of the Duke of Wellington. Rousseau's MSS., most of which were seen by Barrington, are described by him as written in a fair hand, as legible as print. The "Eloisa," he says, at page 380, vol. ii., of his "Sketches," which is a work, as is well known, of pure fiction, is written without scarcely a single correction; whilst his "Confessions," a plain account of facts, were full of alterations at almost every page.

Mme. de Galis, who paid a visit to the celebrated philosopher, expresses her disappointment at his shyness and unsociability. She describes his dress as being of the most fantastical style, so odd, indeed, as to warrant a surmise on the part of a stranger, that he had decked himself out for a masquerade. He wore a coat of a most original cut, maroon-coloured stockings, and a little round wig, which, altogether, gave him an exceedingly ludicrous appearance. Mme. de Stael expatiates on the smallness of his eyes, which, of themselves, had no expression, but readily received animation from the various impulsions of his mind. His eye-brows were sufficiently large to support the professed character of his temperament, viz., moroseness and misanthropy. His countenance was of an insignificant stamp when he was silent, but lit up when he entered into conversation.

He was fond of retiring to sequestered villages. On one occasion, having fixed his abode at one, where he had to endure much annoyance from the remarks of the gossips of the place, he found himself compelled to have recourse to the odd expedient of making lace-strings, and of carrying his working-cushion about, that he might conciliate the good-will of its inhabitants. He had married unfortunately—like our great poet, Milton, he had the misfortune to unite himself to an ignorant and illiterate woman, whose disposition was altogether uncongenial to his literary pursuits; and he has frankly confessed, that wherever he went, he felt the weight he had to carry with him. D'Israeli, in his "Literary Character," vol. i., page 148, mentions the curious fact, that "Rousseau never could endure to read a page in his 'Emile' without disgust, after the work was published. He acknowledged that there were more suffrages against his notions than for them. 'I am not displeased,' says he, 'with myself on the style and eloquence, but I still dread that my writings are good for nothing at the bottom; and that all my theories are full of extravagances.'" He has observed, that his "Musical Opera," the work of five or six weeks only, brought him as much money as did "Emile," which had caused him more than twenty years' meditation, and above three of composition. Perhaps this circumstance had something to do with his dislike for that work. A labour of such profundity, and which so much engrossed his thoughts, may have sickened him. Pope, it is well known, wished himself hanged, that he might get rid of Homer.

Rousseau was never without two or three works in hand. A variety of occupations never tired, the single one disgusted him in a short time.

BEETHOVEN.

This celebrated composer was born at Bonn, in Neugape-street, No. 975, in a house now occupied by a shoe-maker, of the name of Dramer. Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, to whom we are indebted for this piece of information, further informs us, that Beethoven was such an incorrigible dog in his younger years, that his father, who first endeavoured to instil in him some notion of music, had to do it "*à coups de bâtons.*" He was addicted to such a stubborn idleness that it was at last nothing but necessity which succeeded in urging him to exercise his talents. In his latter years, we learn from another authority, Mme. Streicher, he excited a considerable degree of attention and merriment at Vienna, during his residence in that city. The style in which he dressed was actually so slovenly, that he is said to have looked more like a beggar than a man of talents and of some property. The coat he wore is declared not to have been fit to offer to an English mendicant. His clothes were, indeed, altogether, such as might with reason be refused by any clothesman. In his latter years he ruined himself by supplying money to a thankless nephew, who drained him to the last semiquaver. He died on Easter Sunday, 1827. H. M.

ORIGINS OF VARIOUS ARTICLES.

THERE are many articles in common use, the origins of which are seldom thought of. Who, for instance, would trouble his head relative to the invention of that indispensable article of food, bread. Bread, however, was originally an invention of the Greeks, afterwards adopted by the Romans. For a long time, hand-mills were, in Europe, the only machines used to grind the corn. The art of constructing windmills originated, together with other inventions, with the Saracens. During several centuries, they used, in France, instead of plates, circular slices of the crust of bread, which were, after dinner, distributed among the poor. As early as the time of Pliny, the Gauls made use of yeast to raise their bread.

The Egyptians not only set a great value on brocoli, but even regarded this vegetable as an object of adoration. It was the Romans who introduced them into Europe.

We have the peach from Persia, in which country it is actually held to be a poison. In our climate it has lost, by transplantation, much of its original coarseness, and is become one of our choicest fruits. The plum was brought from Syria at the time of the Crusades.

Rabbits were formerly held in such high estimation, that they were brought to table as a very choice dish. They once increased to such an extent in Spain that they were suspected of mining the ramparts and the houses of Taragon, so as to cause some parts of them to fall.

Oysters were looked upon by the Romans as a "dainty dish;" and the poet Antonius has celebrated them in his verses. After the death of this poet, however, oysters were no more thought of; and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that they were again brought into notice.

Parmesan cheese appeared in the more northern part of Europe, for the first time, in the reign of Charles VIII. of France. This prince, it would appear, in an expedition against Naples, had occasion to pass through Placenza, when the magistrates offered him some of these cheeses, the enormous size of which so greatly astonished him that, out of mere curiosity, he sent a number of them to the queen and to the Duke of Bourbon. These royal persons venturing to taste them, found them so excellent, that, from that time, the Parmesan cheeses have ranked amongst the finest that can grace a royal table.

Sweetmeats were formerly much used to bribe persons of quality, or judges, to whom a request was to be made. This custom at last rose to such a pitch that Louis IX. of France issued a proclamation, wherein he forbade all judges to take more than ten-pennyworth a-week. Phillip the handsome subsequently curtailed this quantity to no more than what one could use in one day.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, good manners required that persons of different sexes, when invited to parties, should sit down in couples, and that each couple should have one plate between them. In families one goblet was deemed sufficient for all, and St. Bertrand was disinherited by his father, who was affected with the leprosy, for having wiped the edge of the goblet before he drank.

Beds, now such indispensable pieces of furniture, were to the Greeks and Romans articles of great luxury. When they exchanged the leaves, and skins of beasts, on which their heroic ancestors reposed, for mattresses and feather-beds, the bedsteads were made sometimes of ivory, sometimes of ebony, sometimes of cedar, and sometimes of silver. It would be difficult, now-a-days, in the middle ranks of life, to find beds, such as our ancestors slept on, not only with their wives and their children, but with their dogs and their friends; an invitation to such a couch was then considered the strongest proof of affection and confidence that could be given.

The first mirrors were made of metal. Cicero carries the origin of them up to Esculapius: Moses, too, makes mention of them. It was in the time of Pompey that the first mirrors were made of silver at Rome. Pliny mentions a brilliant stone, probably talc, thin slices of which being fixed upon bright metal, reflected objects with great perfection. The first mirrors of glass appeared in Europe at the latter end of the Crusades. M. D. M.

PAINTINGS IN THE HALL OF BARBER SURGEONS,*

MONKWELL STREET, CRIPPLEGATE.

THE principal one is the celebrated picture, by Hans Holbein, of King Henry VIII. presenting the charter to that company. This picture is ten feet six inches long, and seven feet in height, contains eighteen figures nearly as large as life; it represents a room in the palace, which is hung with tapestry, and seems to have been gilded; in the centre, on a throne, sits the king, his age appears to be about thirty, the complexion florid, the hair sandy, the eyes small, but animated and restless, the expression on the countenance is impatience, and he seems thrusting the charter hastily into the hands of Master Thomas Vicay, who receives it kneeling on his right; the face altogether might be pronounced handsome, were it not for the low forehead and contracted eyebrows; he has on his right thumb a signet ring, and other rings on the first and fourth fingers of his left hand, with which he holds a sword of state resting on his knee; on his head is a velvet cap surrounded with a diadem of jewels, on which is a falling feather; on his leg is the garter, and round his neck the collar of the order; the mantle is short, and of crimson velvet; all these ornaments are most beautifully executed, and are as fine as miniature painting; every hair of his head is distinct, and the texture of his robe is finely given; his impatience seems to have warmed him, and the rising colour flushing over his face is most admirably painted. Around him are the members of the court on their knees; the first figure on the left hand is Sir John Chambre, he is represented in a cap and furred gown, the sleeves very large, and in which his hands are enwrapped; from the expression of his countenance it would appear that he was anything but pleased with the provisions of the charter, as the face has a sullen and discontented look. The next is the celebrated Doctor Butts, whose conduct in the scene in the play of Henry VIII., of the degradation of Cranmer while waiting at the door of the council chamber, is so well drawn by Shakspeare. The third figure is Thomas Aslopp; he has his head uncovered; the hair is long and lank, and the features coarse and hard. The first on the right hand of the king is the master of the

* Extracted from that interesting and gentlemanly-conducted Journal "The Art Union," a periodical containing every information relative to the Fine Arts.

Pk. VIII - 436.
20. 11. 89.

The Public Journals.

Foreign Monthly Review. Nutt, and Delau and Co.

[This is, in every meaning of the word, a truly valuable journal: the matter being highly important, collected with industry and judgment. Amidst such a plenitude of intellectual endearments, it is difficult to cull the sweetest flower; we therefore must satisfy ourselves with a quotation or two from an admirable article—"Foreign Views of Ireland, by Gustave de Beaumont;" who, in the commencement of his work, gives the following frightful

Picture of Ireland.]

"Misery, naked and famishing, that misery which is vagrant, idle, and mendicant, covers the entire country: it shews itself everywhere, and at every hour of the day; it is the first thing you see when you land on the Irish coast, and from that moment it ceases not to be present to your view; sometimes under the aspect of the diseased displaying his sores, sometimes under the form of the pauper scarcely covered by his rags; it follows you everywhere, and besieges you incessantly; you hear its groans and cries in the distance; and if the voice does not excite profound pity, it importunes and terrifies you. This misery seems inherent to the soil, and one of its natural products; like some of those endemic scourges that pollute the atmosphere, it blights everything that approaches it, smites the rich man himself, who cannot, in the midst of his joys, separate himself from the miseries of the poor, and makes vain efforts to rid himself of the vermin which he has produced, and which cling to him.

"The physical aspect of the country produces impressions not less saddening. Whilst the feudal castle, after seven centuries, shews itself more rich and brilliant than at its birth, you see here and there wretched habitations mouldering into ruin, destined never to rise again. The number of ruins encountered in travelling through Ireland is perfectly astounding. I speak not of the picturesque ruins produced by the lapse of ages, whose hoary antiquity adorns a country—such ruins still belong to rich Ireland, and are preserved with care as memorials of pride and monuments of antiquity—but I mean the premature ruins produced by misfortune, the wretched cabins abandoned by the miserable tenants, witnessing only to obscure misery, and generally exciting little interest or attention.

"But I do not know which is the more sad to see—the abandoned dwelling, or that actually inhabited by the poor Irishman. Imagine four walls of dried mud, which the rain as it falls easily restores to its primitive condition; having for its roof a little straw or some sods, for its chimney a hole cut in the roof, or very frequently the door, through which alone the smoke finds an issue. One single apartment contains the father, mother, children, and, sometimes, a grandfather or grandmother; there is no furniture in this wretched hovel; a single bed of hay or straw serves for the entire family. Five or six half-naked children may be seen crouched near a miserable fire, whose ashes cover a few potatoes, the sole nourishment of the family. In the midst of all lies a dirty pig, the only thriving inhabitant of the place, for he lives in filth. The presence of the pig in an Irigh hovel may at first seem an indication of misery; on the contrary, it is a sign of comparative comfort. Indigence is still more extreme in the hovel where no pig is to be found."

"All being poor, the only food they use is the cheapest in the country—potatoes; but all do not consume the same quantity: some, and they are the privileged class, eat potatoes three times a day; others, less fortunate, twice; those in a state of indigence only once; there are some still more destitute, who remain one or even two days without receiving the slightest nourishment. . . . .

"It is necessary to renounce all the notions which in other countries serve to distinguish comfort from poverty, in order to comprehend Irish misery. We are accustomed to call those paupers, who are out of work and driven to beggary. There is not an Irish peasant that abstains from beggary who is not in want of such a resource. It is impossible to compare the Irish pauper with the pauper of any other country. The independent labourer cannot even be compared with the pauper of England. There is no doubt that the most miserable of English paupers is better fed and clothed than the most prosperous of Irish labourers."

Heads of the People. No. IX. Tyas.

[Mankind know but little of the real history of man; and, unfortunately, authors do not seem much inclined to enlighten them.

Of the means by which so many millions of people are daily fed, clothed, and find employment in England alone, we are, comparatively speaking, in complete ignorance: we feel assured they are sustained, but by what means the miracle is achieved, we neither know, nor seemingly care to know. That such a multitude of persons arise every morning, even in the metropolis, without any probable means of providing "for the day that flies over their head," must, to an inquiring mind, be painfully astounding. All that we are certain of respecting them, is, that they *do* live, and some to a lengthened period of existence; but as to their facilities, their haunts, their manners, their customs, we have no authentic data on which we can come to a wholesome conclusion.

If there be one book more than another that the public are in need of, it is *a correct History* of the mighty Babel—*London!* for we have not one worthy of such a title, those we possess being merely descriptions of buildings, in tales ten times told. It is on this account we hail with pleasure the above popular work, giving, as

they do, *some* of the *characters* to be found in the metropolis of England. The subjects are cleverly handled; and the personages faithfully represented. There still remains a field of invaluable treasures—real pictures of human life, for the editors to gather in, which will amply repay them for their trouble.

We shall leave that lazy being—one of the most useless bees in our hive—the wealthy, vulgar, and profligate young Lord: a character Mr. Meadows has pictorially sketched with great fidelity—and introduce our readers to one far more deserving of consideration—

The English Peasant.]

"The English Peasant is generally reckoned a very simple, monotonous animal, and most people when they have called him a clown, or a country hob, think they have described him.

* * * * * *

"But who says the English Peasant is dull and unvaried in his character? To be sure, he has not the wild wit, the voluble tongue, the reckless fondness for laughing, dancing, carousing, and shillalying of the Irish Peasant; nor the grave plodding habits and intelligence of the Scotch one. He may be said to be, in his own phraseology, "betwixt and between." He has wit enough when it is wanted; he can be merry enough when there is occasion; he is ready for a row when his blood is well up; and he will take to his book if you will give him a schoolmaster. What is he indeed but the rough block of English character? Hew him out of the quarry of ignorance, dig him out of the slough of everlasting labour, chisel him, and polish him, and he will come out whatever you please. What is the stuff that your armies have chiefly been made of but this English Peasant? How many of them have been carried off to man your fleets, and when they came to shore again were no longer the simple slouching Simons of the village, but jolly tars, with rolling gait, quid in mouth, glazed hats, with crowns of one inch high, and brims of five wide; and as much glib slang and glib money to treat the girls with as any Jack of them all!

"The English Peasant has in his nature all the elements of the English character. Give him ease, and he is readily pleased; wrong him, and who so desperate in his rage!

"In his younger days, before the care of a family weighs on him, he is a clumsy, but a very light-hearted creature. To see a number of young country fellows get into play together, always reminds one of a quantity of heavy cart-horses turned into a field on a Sunday. They gallop, and kick, and scream: there is no malice, but a dreadful jeopardy of bruises and broken ribs. Their play is truly called horse-play. It is all slaps and bangs, tripping-up, tumbles, and laughter. But, to see the young peasant in his glory, you should see him hastening to the Michaelmas fair, statute, bull-roasting, or mop. He has served his year; he has his money in his pocket, his sweetheart on his arm, or he is sure to meet her at the fair. Whether he goes again to his old place or a new one, he will have a week's holiday. Thus, on old Michaelmas day, he and all his fellows, all the country over, are let loose, and are on the way to the fair: the houses are empty of them; the highways are full of them. There they go, streaming along, lads and lasses in all their finery, and with a world of laughter and loud talk. See, here they come flocking into the market-town! And there, what preparations for them: shows, strolling theatres, stalls of all kinds bearing clothes of all kinds, knives, combs, queen-cakes, and gingerbread, and a hundred inventions to lure those hard-earned wages out of his fob. And he does not mean to be stingy to-day. He will treat his lass, and buy her a new gown into the bargain. See, how they go rolling on together! He holds up his elbow sharply by his side, she thrusts her arm through his, *up to the elbow*, and away they go, a walking miracle that they can walk together at all. As to keeping step, that is out of the question; but besides this, they wag and roll about in such a way, that keeping their arms tightly linked, it is amazing they do not pull off one or the other. But they do not. They shall see the shows, and stand all in a crowd before them with open eye, and open mouths, wondering at the beauty of the dancing women, and their gowns all over spangles, and at all the wit, and grimaces and summersets of harlequin and clown. They shall have a merry dinner, and a dance, like a dance of elephants and hippopotami, and then—

'To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.'

"And these are the men that become sullen and desperate: that become poachers and incendiaries. How, and why! It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then! What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and the Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury, and revelling in vengeance! Hunger and hardship! When the English Peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and well clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard! When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other,—then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling red-eyed monster!—How sullen he grows! With what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers. How the man, who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks, a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match, to his neighbour's rick! Monster! can this be the English Peasant! 'Tis the same! 'Tis the very man! But what has made him so! What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence! Villain as he is, is he alone to blame—or is there another?"

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

ROUSSEAU.

THE handwriting of great men is always a matter of curiosity, from the illegible scrawl of the Emperor Napoleon, from the thick, ungainly hand of Chalmers, and the terrifying scribble of Jeffrey, to the plain, clear, chirograph of George Washington, and the no less distinct handwriting of the Duke of Wellington. Rousseau's MSS., most of which were seen by Barrington, are described by him as written in a fair hand, as legible as print. The "Eloisa," he says, at page 380, vol. ii., of his "Sketches," which is a work, as is well known, of pure fiction, is written without scarcely a single correction; whilst his "Confessions," a plain account of facts, were full of alterations at almost every page.

Mme. de Galis, who paid a visit to the celebrated philosopher, expresses her disappointment at his shyness and unsociability. She describes his dress as being of the most fantastical style, so odd, indeed, as to warrant a surmise on the part of a stranger, that he had decked himself out for a masquerade. He wore a coat of a most original cut, maroon-coloured stockings, and a little round wig, which, altogether, gave him an exceedingly ludicrous appearance. Mme. de Stael expatiates on the smallness of his eyes, which, of themselves, had no expression, but readily received animation from the various impulsions of his mind. His eye-brows were sufficiently large to support the professed character of his temperament, viz., moroseness and misanthropy. His countenance was of an insignificant stamp when he was silent, but lit up when he entered into conversation.

He was fond of retiring to sequestered villages. On one occasion, having fixed his abode at one, where he had to endure much annoyance from the remarks of the gossips of the place, he found himself compelled to have recourse to the odd expedient of making lace-strings, and of carrying his working-cushion about, that he might conciliate the good-will of its inhabitants. He had married unfortunately—like our great poet, Milton, he had the misfortune to unite himself to an ignorant and illiterate woman, whose disposition was altogether uncongenial to his literary pursuits; and he has frankly confessed, that wherever he went, he felt the weight he had to carry with him. D'Israeli, in his "Literary Character," vol. i., page 148, mentions the curious fact, that "Rousseau never could endure to read a page in his 'Emile' without disgust, after the work was published. He acknowledged that there were more suffrages against his notions than for them. 'I am not displeased,' says he, 'with myself on the style and eloquence, but I still dread that my writings are good for nothing at the bottom; and that all my theories are full of extravagances.'" He has observed, that his "Musical Opera," the work of five or six weeks only, brought him as much money as did "Emile," which had caused him more than twenty years' meditation, and above three of composition. Perhaps this circumstance had something to do with his dislike for that work. A labour of such profundity, and which so much engrossed his thoughts, may have sickened him. Pope, it is well known, wished himself hanged, that he might get rid of Homer.

Rousseau was never without two or three works in hand. A variety of occupations never tired, the single one disgusted him in a short time.

BEETHOVEN.

This celebrated composer was born at Bonn, in Neugape-street, No. 975, in a house now occupied by a shoe-maker, of the name of Dramer. Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, to whom we are indebted for this piece of information, further informs us, that Beethoven was such an incorrigible dog in his younger years, that his father, who first endeavoured to instil in him some notion of music, had to do it "*à coups de bâtons.*" He was addicted to such a stubborn idleness that it was at last nothing but necessity which succeeded in urging him to exercise his talents. In his latter years, we learn from another authority, Mme. Streicher, he excited a considerable degree of attention and merriment at Vienna, during his residence in that city. The style in which he dressed was actually so slovenly, that he is said to have looked more like a beggar than a man of talents and of some property. The coat he wore is declared not to have been fit to offer to an English mendicant. His clothes were, indeed, altogether, such as might with reason be refused by any clothesman. In his latter years he ruined himself by supplying money to a thankless nephew, who drained him to the last semiquaver. He died on Easter Sunday, 1827. H. M.

ORIGINS OF VARIOUS ARTICLES.

THERE are many articles in common use, the origins of which are seldom thought of. Who, for instance, would trouble his head relative to the invention of that indispensable article of food, bread. Bread, however, was originally an invention of the Greeks, afterwards adopted by the Romans. For a long time, handmills were, in Europe, the only machines used to grind the corn. The art of constructing windmills originated, together with other inventions, with the Saracens. During several centuries, they used, in France, instead of plates, circular slices of the crust of bread, which were, after dinner, distributed among the poor. As early as the time of Pliny, the Gauls made use of yeast to raise their bread.

The Egyptians not only set a great value on brocoli, but even regarded this vegetable as an object of adoration. It was the Romans who introduced them into Europe.

We have the peach from Persia, in which country it is actually held to be a poison. In our climate it has lost, by transplantation, much of its original coarseness, and is become one of our choicest fruits. The plum was brought from Syria at the time of the Crusades.

Rabbits were formerly held in such high estimation, that they were brought to table as a very choice dish. They once increased to such an extent in Spain that they were suspected of mining the ramparts and the houses of Taragon, so as to cause some parts of them to fall.

Oysters were looked upon by the Romans as a "dainty dish;" and the poet Antonius has celebrated them in his verses. After the death of this poet, however, oysters were no more thought of; and it was not till the beginning of the sixteenth century that they were again brought into notice.

Parmesan cheese appeared in the more northern part of Europe, for the first time, in the reign of Charles VIII. of France. This prince, it would appear, in an expedition against Naples, had occasion to pass through Placenza, when the magistrates offered him some of these cheeses, the enormous size of which so greatly astonished him that, out of mere curiosity, he sent a number of them to the queen and to the Duke of Bourbon. These royal persons venturing to taste them, found them so excellent, that, from that time, the Parmesan cheeses have ranked amongst the finest that can grace a royal table.

Sweetmeats were formerly much used to bribe persons of quality, or judges, to whom a request was to be made. This custom at last rose to such a pitch that Louis IX. of France issued a proclamation, wherein he forbade all judges to take more than ten-pennyworth a-week. Phillip the handsome subsequently curtailed this quantity to no more than what one could use in one day.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, good manners required that persons of different sexes, when invited to parties, should sit down in couples, and that each couple should have one plate between them. In families one goblet was deemed sufficient for all, and St. Bertrand was disinherited by his father, who was affected with the leprosy, for having wiped the edge of the goblet before he drank.

Beds, now such indispensable pieces of furniture, were to the Greeks and Romans articles of great luxury. When they exchanged the leaves, and skins of beasts, on which their heroic ancestors reposed, for mattresses and feather-beds, the bedsteads were made sometimes of ivory, sometimes of ebony, sometimes of cedar, and sometimes of silver. It would be difficult, now-a-days, in the middle ranks of life, to find beds, such as our ancestors slept on, not only with their wives and their children, but with their dogs and their friends; an invitation to such a couch was then considered the strongest proof of affection and confidence that could be given.

The first mirrors were made of metal. Cicero carries the origin of them up to Esculapius: Moses, too, makes mention of them. It was in the time of Pompey that the first mirrors were made of silver at Rome. Pliny mentions a brilliant stone, probably talc, thin slices of which being fixed upon bright metal, reflected objects with great perfection. The first mirrors of glass appeared in Europe at the latter end of the Crusades. M. D. M.

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PM. VIII - 436.
SD. II - 89.

company, Thomas Vicay, into whose hands the king is delivering the charter; he has a gold chain and jewel over the shoulder of his gown. The next is Jonathan Aylef, who has a ring on his finger, and a gold chain about his neck. The next is Nathaniel Sympson, who also wears a skull cap; all the others have the head bare, and the hair falling lank, and scattered over the shoulders. Then Edward Harman, who has a gold chain; next to him is John Monfordu; then John Pen, and William Alcoke; the expression on the countenances of these men is grave and solemn. The next Richard Ferris, who has the only jovial and merry face among the group. Of these eight, five of those most visible, have robes flowered and richly embroidered; the moustaches and beards of the whole, including the king, would appear as if they had great care and attention bestowed upon them. Of the seven remaining figures standing behind, the names are not to be found on record, but they are, no doubt, livery-men of the company; but of the two nearest the king, one is known to be William Tilly, who has a face "too stupid for a barber, how much so then for a surgeon;" the other is thought to be Xachariel Sampson. This picture of Holbein's, which we have described, is not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any other of that master in the kingdom; every part is most elaborately and delicately finished; the position of none of the figures is constrained, and there is no attempt at theatrical effect, yet every person represented is in action; there is scarcely one man in it whose name has not acquired some degree of celebrity in the age in which he lived; the colouring is chaste, and kept down, nor is there any of that hardness and stiffness often found in the pictures of Holbein, at least in the generality of those attributed to him; we think that his pictures are much rarer in this country than is commonly supposed; that this is by him there is no doubt; but the ease and style of the whole is very different from many even in Windsor, to which his name has been affixed. It is in a beautiful state of preservation, and fortunately has escaped the gothic attempts at cleaning, which has been fatal to so many others. The next picture is one of Sir Charles Scalborough, a whole length; this is by Walker, and is extremely well painted; it has been engraved; the countenance is exceedingly intellectual, the forehead high and broad, the eyes are dark and searching; he is dressed in the scarlet gown, hood, and cap of a doctor of physic, and is represented in the act of lecturing; one hand is on his breast, the other a little stretched out; on the left of the picture is another figure, the demonstrating surgeon, Anthony Bligh, dressed in the livery gown, holding up the arm of a dead subject, which lies on a table partly covered with a sheet, with that part of the breast where the ribs meet, bare, the pectoral muscles appearing. The next painting is one of Doctor Arris, physician; it is well executed, and there is an engraving of it; he gave to the company 30*l.* for an anatomical lecture, and 34*l.* to St. Bartholomew Hospital, for the same purpose, for ever. The adjoining picture is that of Thomas Arris, M. D. the son of the former; he is represented in the act of lecturing; this man was returned M. P. for St. Alban's in 1661, and was a steady opponent of the court. The next is a portrait of Doctor Nehemiah Grew. The next of John Frederick. The next is a curious picture of Mr. Lisle, barber to Charles II.; it is a full length, and well painted, the character of the countenance is shrewdness; the eyebrows are elevated, the extremities of the mouth raised; he seems as if laughing at some joke from his master's lips, although to his own mind it passes rather for the wit of a king than of a wit. The next and last is the portrait of John Paterson, clerk to the company, and the projector of great improvements in the city of London, after the great fire. 59

CURIOUS CUSTOM ON EASTER MONDAY.

An inhabitant of Hallaton, Leicestershire, some years since, bequeathed a piece of land to the rector of the town, for the time being, in trust, for the providing of two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves, to be scrambled for annually on Easter Monday. This land, which was called Hare-crop Leys, being enclosed in 1770, a piece of land was allotted to the rector in lieu of the same, since which period, the rector, instead of the two hare pies, provides two large pies made of veal and bacon, which are divided into parts, and put into a sack; about two gallons of ale, in wooden bottles, without handles or strings, are put into another sack, and the penny loaves, cut into quarters, are put into a basket. The men, who have charge of the bequest, are joined, soon after they leave the rectory, by those who intend to engage in the sport. In the course of their journey to a place called Hare-pie bank, which is situated about a quarter of a mile south of the town, the pieces of bread are occasionally thrown to be scrambled for. The place of rendezvous consists of a bank with a small trench round it, and a circular hole in the centre; into which the pies and ale are promiscuously thrown. Upon a signal being given, those who are fond of the sport, rush forward to seize a bit of pie, or endeavour to get possession of a bottle.

W. G. C.

CABAL,

Which generally is used to express a meeting or assemblage of people, but more particularly those of a noisy and uproarious nature. Addison defines it, "*a body of men united in some close design.*"

It is derived from a mysterious doctrine of the ancient Jewish Rabbins, called the "*Caballa*" or "*Cabbala*;" it was handed down traditionally; and ultimately collected in the "*Talmud*;" and its nature may be guessed

from the Apostrophe of Lord Bacon, in his essay:—"*I would rather believe all the fables in the Talmud, the Alcoran, the Legend, than that this universal frame is without a mind.*" The word "*Cabbala*" was also the name of a juggling science among the Jews; by which they pretended to unriddle mysteries by the numbers that the letters make in different words; it was a kind of anagrammatic, or astrological science.

EARLY USE OF TOBACCO.

The following curious notices relative to the introduction of tobacco, are given by Aubrey, in his anecdotes of Sir Walter Raleigh. Aubrey's Lives (from which I propose laying before the readers of the *Mirror* a series of extracts) is a work of greater curiosity, and far higher value, than is generally supposed; as I may, perhaps, some day have occasion to show.

"Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a strawe. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. Raleigh standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz parke at Acton, tooke a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitt it till he had donne. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmsbury or Chippenham Market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customers of it are the greatest his majestie hath. Sir Walter Raleigh studyed most in his sea voyages, where he carried always a trunke of bookes along with him, and had nothing to divert him."

H. E. B.

ACCOUNT OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KOTZEBUE.

(*From "Le Nouvelliste."*)

After the war of 1813, Kotzebue was accused of turning his literary talents to the subjection of Germany under the Russian yoke; he was accordingly sentenced to death by one of the numerous secret associations then prevalent in Germany, and which went under the name of "Tugensbund" or "coalition of virtue." Lots having been drawn, as to who was to commit the deed, fate chose Charles Frederick Sand, a young man of about 24 years of age. Called upon, then, to perpetrate this crime, Sand, whose character was of a hot temperament, and whose spirit was boiling with ardour to free his country of one so obnoxious, set out from Jena, on the 9th of March, 1819, and arrived at Manheim, where Kotzebue resided, on the 23d. He put up at an inn, where he stayed conversing with a country curate till 5 o'clock; at which hour, having resolved to fulfil his mission, he parted from the divine, and presented himself at the house of Kotzebue. He was let in by a servant, who conducted him to an apartment, saying, that his master would shortly make his appearance. Kotzebue had, however, scarcely entered the room than Sand fell upon him, and stabbed him repeatedly. He then quietly left the house, and knelt in the street, where a considerable crowd had already collected, saying with calm energy: "It is I who am the murderer; may all traitors thus perish!" Then raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, "I thank thee, oh God, for thy assistance in this work!"

Having uttered these words, he bared his breast, and with the same weapon which he had used to assassinate Kotzebue, gave himself a ghastly wound. A paper containing these words, was found in his hand; "Sentence of death against Augustus Kotzebue, executed on the 23d March, 1819." On a ribbon concealed in his bosom, there appeared words to the purport, that Kotzebue had been condemned to death two years before. The victim fell, but the murderer survived. His trial lasted more than a twelvemonth, when at length sentence of death was passed upon him, and Sand was executed on the 19th of May, 1820, at six o'clock in the morning, and before his friends could arrive at Manheim. The execution was to have taken place at eight o'clock, so that as he was led down the streets a mournful silence prevailed. Sand was calm, his mind appeared composed and resigned to his fate, and he held a rose in his hand, which he frequently put to his nose, seemingly enjoying its fragrance. At the very moment that the executioner was holding up the severed head of the unfortunate young man, his friends arrived from Heidelberg. In a moment the scaffold was covered with them, they tore off his clothes, cut his hair, dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, and showed every possible demonstration of veneration and sorrow for the death of the martyr. To this day these relics are preserved, and the name of Sand is venerated throughout Germany.

The Gatherer.

There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim, as it were, for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks, unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and whithers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly

form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.—*Nickleby.*

The Miser's Habitation.

In an old house, dismal, dark, and dusty, which seemed to have withered, like himself, and to have grown yellow and shrivelled in hoarding him from the light of day, as he had in hoarding his money, lived Arthur Gride. Meagre old chairs and tables of spare and bony make, and hard and cold as miser's hearts, were ranged in grim array against the gloomy walls; attenuated presses, grown lank and lantern-jawed in guarding the treasures they enclosed, and tottering, as though from constant fear and dread of thieves, shrunk up in dark corners, whence they cast no shadows on the ground, and seemed to hide and cower from observation. A tall grim clock upon the stairs, with long lean hands and famished face, ticked in cautious whispers, and when it struck the time in thin and piping sounds, like an old man's voice, rattled as if 'twere pinched with hunger.

No fireside couch was there, to invite repose and comfort. Elbow-chairs there were, but they looked uneasy in their minds, cocked their arms suspiciously and timidly, and kept upon their guard. Others were fantastically grim and gaunt, as having drawn themselves up to their utmost height, and put on their fiercest looks to stare all comers out of countenance. Others again knocked up against their neighbours, or leant for support against the wall, somewhat ostentatiously, as if to call all men to witness that they were not worth the taking. The dark square lumbering bedsteads seemed built for restless dreams; the musty hangings to creep in scanty folds together, whispering among themselves, when rustled by the wind, their trembling knowledge of the tempting wares that lurked within the dark and tight-locked closets.—*Ibid.*

When the superb State Coach was finished for George the Third, in 1762, it was found the gate of St. James's Palace was too low to admit of its entrance; it was consequently enlarged at the close of September in that year. The gateway as it now appears, is therefore not that of the original construction in bluff Harry's days.

The impetus of Hogarth's designs of the Boxer and Death, has never been satisfactorily accounted for; the occasion was, Thomas Johnson, the great pugilist of his day, in a conflict with Thomas Bugby, at Long Stanton, in Cambridgeshire, on Monday, September 13, 1762, so heavily laid on his blows, that Bugby died in an hour after; and the victor, Johnson, was in consequence committed to Cambridge gaol.

Alderman Beckford, when Lord Mayor elect, in October, 1762, to gain eclat to the city state carriage during his Mayoralty, purchased the singularly fine set of Flanders' mares, belonging to M. Boreel, Ambassador from the States General, to the Court of St. James's.

In the first annual report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in England, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, is the following summary of the first annual abstracts, ending June 30, 1838:—

TOTAL NUMBER OF PERSONS MARRIED.

According to the rites of the established church		107,201
Not according to the rites of the established church		4,280
Number of persons married not full age	Males	5,576
	Females	16,563
Total number of births registered		399,712
Total number of deaths registered		335,956

In contrast with the evidence of the large proportion of persons who attain to old age in the more thinly-populated portions of the kingdom, we find results extremely different where the population is densely congregated. In the metropolis and its suberbs, the proportion who have died, out of every 1,000 deaths, at 70 and upwards, has been only 104; and even this proportion is favourable when compared with that of other large towns; the proportion in Birmingham being 81, in Leeds, 79, and in Liverpool and Manchester only about 63. A comparison of the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, and of Northumberland and Durham, with the rural districts surrounding each, exhibit great differences, especially in the proportions of death in old age. A very marked diversity also appears in the proportions of deaths of infants in different parts of the country. In the mining parts of Staffordshire and Shropshire, in Leeds and its suburbs, and in Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire, and the lowest parts of Lincolnshire, the deaths of infants under one year have been more than 270 out of 1,000 deaths at all ages; while in the northern counties of England, in Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire, in Herefordshire, and Monmouthshire, and in Wales, the deaths at that age, out of 1,000 at all ages, scarcely exceeded 180.

Common Names.

Of Smith, there are about	1320
Jones	600
Brown	540
Johnson	340
Hill	200

Street Preaching.—The *Cambrian* says, "The following is an exact copy of a written notice intrusted to the town-crier of Abergevenny on Thursday:—'This is to Informe the In Habitance Of this Place that theare will be A sermond preached this Eving at 7 OClock by mrs Eleanor Harris, By the Old duke Castle street—mrs Harris is a lisend misshionery.'"

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.